Volume LXX CHICAGO, DECEMBER 26, 1912 Number 17

# UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

## IF I WERE QUEEN OF CHRISTMAS

If I were Queen of Christmas
I know what I would do,
I'd freight a ship with goods untold
And sail it home to you,—

With all that never was,
And so must shortly be;
With wonders never seen,
Which you must therefore see;

With Time, and Afternoons,
Content, and the Right Word,
The Power to do, just Wealth enough,
A friend, with rapture stirred.

I am not Queen of Christmas,
But I have heard her say
This royal ship of wonders
May reach you any day.

—*Evelyn H. Walker*

*From Chicago Record-Herald*

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# UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXX THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1912. NUMBER 17.

## HYMN.

*(Thanksgiving for Saints and Prophets.)*

**To Thee, Eternal Soul, be praise!**
**Who, from of old to our own days**
**Through souls of saints and prophets, Lord.**
**Hast sent Thy light, Thy love, Thy word.**

**We thank Thee for each mighty one**
**Through whom Thy living light hath shone;**
**And for each humble soul and sweet**
**That lights to heaven our wandering feet.**

**We thank Thee for the love divine**
**Made real in every saint of Thine;**
**That boundless love itself that gives**
**In service to each soul that lives.**

**We thank Thee for the word of might**
**The Spirit spake in darkest night;**
**Spake through the trumpet voices loud**
**Of prophets at Thy throne who bowed.**

**Eternal Soul, our souls keep pure,**
**That like Thy saints we may endure;**
**Forever through Thy servants, Lord,**
**Send Thou Thy light, Thy love, Thy word.**

*Richard Watson Gilder.*

---

The soul of General Booth, like that of John Brown, "goes marching on." His dauntless spirit is still militant in the organization which sprang out of his zeal. A movement is already afoot to erect a series of training schools for settlement workers, not only in all European cities but in the centers of China, India and Japan. Those for Chicago and New York are already in the preliminary stages of creation. They are to cost at least three hundred thousand dollars each. They are to be buildings seven stories high, of enduring material, furnished with every sanitary device. They are to accommodate a hundred and fifty students and ten officers. And,—mark the significant fact,—"they are to be builded in the heart of the slum districts." There is nothing startling in this announcement. It is what was to be expected. But there is something humiliating in this announcement to the more prosperous, more rational, more cultivated "denominations," who are turning their backs on slum districts, building their conventicles on wheels, so to speak, that they may more conveniently "trek" after the favored, which means the more wealthy and refined.

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A distracting monthly, with an unpronounceable name, for December, 1912, is at hand, coming all the way from Tokio; beautifully printed on the dainty Japanese paper, full of hen tracks, arranged perpendicularly. The only thing we can read is the table of contents, which offers a most attractive intellectual menu. There are articles on the Sanction of Life; Religion, Mystery and Life; Jesus Christ as a Critic of Civilization; The Outcast Cast and Its Reform; the Benevolence of Jesus Christ; Why a Great Man Does Not Appear. New Mind and Old Mind, Unity Hall Reports, a Volcano in the Present Religious World, and Gossip, are items in the topics of the day. There are poems on Declining Leaves; a drama entitled "An Old Farmer;" a novel entitled "Dream at Awaking." The list of authors presents another tantalizing collection of unpronounceables, among which there are four "Revs.," two professors, a colonel, a master of arts, and six "B. G.'s," whatever that may stand for. Of all this we only know that it is the organ of the progressive religious thought and life that gathers around Unity Hall, which has grown out of a Unitarian Mission, and which we believe represents a message dear to Unitarians in Japan.

---

A correspondent sends us a clipping from a newspaper which sets forth the interesting, and, unfortunately, unique provision of Theophilus King of Quincy, Mass., who has set apart sixteen thousand dollars as a trust fund, the income of which is to be divided among the thirty organized churches of Quincy for the purpose of breaking down inter-denominational bars. The fund is to be invested at 5 per cent and the interest will be given in equal proportions to the churches. Provision is made that in case any of these churches cease to exist, the amount it would have received is to be passed to the Quincy Day Nursery. Our correspondent adds the information that the donor "is a prosperous but not a millionaire" member of the large congregation not catalogued, belonging to the great All Souls Church by right of what he thinks as well as what he does. Our correspondent adds further, that "while the soil of Massachusetts is but seven-eighths of an inch thick, there are some New Englanders who have good red blood in their veins. This is one of them." The income of the money which this broad-minded man has set apart in such a prophetic way is confined to Quincy, but the message which lies back of the bequest, as published in the *Boston Herald,* will fly far. It is with joy that UNITY gives wings to the message that went with the money on this sixty-eighth birthday:

> I am giving myself the pleasure on this, the sixty-eighth anniversary of my birth, of accomplishing that which for many years I have had in mind at some time to do. This is because of a conviction that had its inception in early manhood and has steadily grown in strength and power.
>
> I was reared in one of the small New England towns, with its academy secured through great local effort to give

the best education the people at that point could afford and provide. It was, however, in the midst of religious surroundings that drew a sharp line in language and thought as to beliefs outside of the so-called evangelical faith. Thus influenced, I went to Boston at sixteen years of age.

I at once allied myself with Park Street Church, joining in its activities. It was not long before I noted some things in connection with those with whom business brought me in contact that changed considerably my thoughts in the line here spoken of.

Two splendid Universalists whom I remember most appreciatingly conducted their lives so sweetly in spirit, that I had to begin a readjustment in my own mind towards that denomination. Several strong souled Unitarians were brought into life's contact so that a still larger enlightenment came to me. A most impressive experience with a young Catholic priest just as he was entering upon his life's work (now a splendid father of his church) revealed to me the thoughts and teaching pressed home to those preparing for that sacred office, in such a way that I was compelled to recognize the great and sacred standards of the Catholic Church.

Nor can I ever forget the thoughts that came to me nearly a score of years ago when I worshipped in the Jewish synagogue in the city of Brussels, reading over its door as I entered the church these words: "We are all children of One Father. Come, let us worship Him."

A grand old friend has more than once, with a brightening of his eye and warmth of expression, told me of his life for a season among the Sun Worshippers, giving a revelation of how their souls go out to the Infinite Father of all through their appreciation and thankful worship of God in their way, resulting in characters of strength and beauty.

Thus progressively, and in many ways of further enlightment through a very wide association with men in business experience has my life and thought been influenced and conviction strengthened that the nearer coming together of all the churches, and those worshipping therein, through the breaking down of prejudices and the better understanding of each others' religious faith, was one of the most important movements of the world.

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Those people who flay the churches on the score of their uselessness, who espouse with enthusiasm clubs, lodges, etc., because they "do things," will do well to read Lyman Abbott's article in the January *Ladies' Home Journal* under the caption, "Wherein Do the People Fail to Understand the Church?" Admitting that "the churches are often cursed by a spirit of church selfishness and oftener by a spirit of church timidity," still they are now, and have always been, "practical benevolent associations." Is he not right when he claims that the church was the first distributor of charity, the first builder of hospitals and asylums, the first minister to the sick and suffering, the first founder of schools for the education of common people? And with all its shortcomings, is he not right when he claims that it is the churches that are sending doctors and teachers to foreign lands, that are introducing medicine and surgery into China, India and Africa; that are establishing primary education for children, and colleges for adults where there are none? Of course it was the church that set going the pathetic, but, under the circumstances, imperatively necessary Christian and Sanitary Commissions during the Civil War. He makes out an equally commanding claim for the church as the center of home movements. He claims that Dr. Lyman Beecher's "Six Sermons on Temperance" were among the causes which brought about the great temperance movement in this country; and that the petition signed by three thousand clergymen of New England against the Nebraska Bill allowing the extension of slavery, was one of the most potent influences brought to bear upon the Congress of that day. He thinks also "That no single paper published has done so much to call attention to the needs of wisely directed social reform as Pope Leo XIII's Encyclical on Socialism." He further calls attention to the comprehensive programs for social reform put forth by nearly all of the denominations of today, and by the Federation of Churches. He might also add that at the present time the church is almost exclusively the only social organization that systematically tries to keep together the members of the home, husband, wife and children. All the other would-be philanthropic, social and reformatory organizations start out with a primal indignity to democracy. The women's clubs exclude the men; the men's clubs are impracticable, inconvenient, if not undesirable places for women except on special "ladies' nights," which are conceived after the same pattern as the "gentlemen's nights" in women's clubs. On nights when they all put their silliest foot forward, and offer the most frivolous programs. And neither men's nor women's clubs have any place for children except on their party occasions. The churches try hard to obliterate the galling lines of wealth, sex and race. Even the most creed bound is at the same time the most democratic institution achieved by man. We refer, of course, to the Catholic Church, which has successfully lifted the cross over warring nations, discordant races and turbulent interests. Pauper and millionaire, peasant and prince, black and white are welcome at her altars to receive her benedictions. "Give the devil his dues" is an old maxim full of ethical import. While you are about it try and give the church its dues.

---

## Christmas Bells

Spite of the hurry and the haste, spite of the greed and selfishness, spite of the crass commercialism, the foolish waste on presents that are little welcome and do little good; spite of everything that is deplorable about our Christmas extravagance and our Christmas fever, the bells of Christmas continue to ring the message of the Christian centuries. The twenty centuries gone have produced nothing more stable, more lasting and far reaching than the ringing of the Christmas bells. Underneath the haste and the fever, far, far below the unwholesome crush and rush of our Christmas bargaining, echo and re-echo the chimes that are heard by willing ears, and ever reach the innermost recesses of true human hearts.

On the day *before* Christmas we, like the little children that we are, are on the *qui vive,* wondering and waiting the coming of Santa Claus. A better test of

the Santa Claus benediction is to take account of the day *after* Christmas. Is it a day of broken toys, of petulance, of repining over the things we did not get, of complaining of the things we did get, and of comparison of those with the things we gave? Then Christmas bells did not ring for us. Some other bells, very much more discordant, that carry their tones less effectively. It is the night *after* Christmas and not the night *before* Christmas that will measure our festival. What ought we to hear the night after Christmas?

First, we ought to hear the bells that have been ringing a long, long time. We ought to hear the bells which our grandmothers and grandfathers heard. We ought to hear the echo of the bells which rang in England a thousand years ago when Alfred was king. We should hear the echo of the bells which rang in Italy when Raphael and the other masters lived and painted the bells they heard ringing in their ears. We ought to hear the bells that are a part of the great music that has been sounding in the world for nearly two thousand years.

Second, the bells we hear the day after Christmas ought to make us patient and persistent. The bells that we forget are not Christmas bells; the joys we let get away from us are not Christmas joys. O, the haste and the rush for some new thing! In these days of novel reforms we would like to find a cause that has enlisted the persistent enthusiasm of men and women for ten consecutive years. We challenge the bells that ring in our own hearts, that are heard by the church, lodge and club, yet have not that persistency.

O, the greed with which we men and women rush for some new thing! O, the enthusiasm with which we work for a week's sensation, a month's loyalty, a year's industry, then,—God forgive us,—we forget! Our communities are full of the graves of great causes neglected, and new movements that have died from too much excellence.

Christmas bells ring long and echo far, and the days after Christmas will test our love and loyalty by the patient way in which we stick to some kind of cause, or another, all through the following year. In heaven's name let us do something long enough to catch the step of the moving centuries!

Thirdly, the bells that ring after Christmas are very lowly, they ring an earthly chant. There are no more angels in the skies if there ever were. We have no use for the angels we see in pictures, playing on harps, sitting on clouds with their feet hanging over. We do not care about wings so long as we have feet. The angels that sing the songs the day *after* Christmas are content to stay on the ground, they are humble and simple minded.

Fourthly, the bells that ring the day after Christmas ring for everybody. Not for the "nice people," not for the "bad people," but for the *dear people*—all of them, the struggling, fainting; crying at times, laughing at times; sinners and saints, millionaires and those who go hungry for want of food and cold for want of clothing; these are the people for whom the bells ring the day after Christmas.

There are two great stories that fit into the day after Christmas. The great and loving Buddha, the "Christ" of India, who, in search of truth, hungry and sick, discouraged and faint, asked of a milkmaid a drink of milk, and the little maid, with Christmas bells ringing in her heart, said, "No, sire, you are welcome, but I must not give you milk, for you are high born and I am lowly, and you must not stain yourself with milk from my hands." But Buddha, the "Enlightened," the Seer, said, "The pitying and the pitiful are akin. Give me to drink that I may live and serve." That was a Christmas bell ringing five hundred years before the angels sang the song in Palestine.

I like too, that other story of the Christ-child when grown to be a man. Tired, thirsty, dusty, he stopped at a well and asked a woman for a drink of water, and the woman, like the milkmaid, was modest, and said, "Why dost thou ask a drink of me, for I am a Samaritan and the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans?" And the Master said, "Not on this mountain, nor yet in Jerusalem, is the true place to worship God, for God is a spirit and they that worship Him in spirit and in truth, whether in Samaria or Palestine, are acceptable. If you knew your need you would ask for the living water which I have to give."

These are some of the bells that ring after Christmas, not the day before. The bells of brotherhood and sisterhood. The bells that make the pitying and the pitiful akin. The bells that make Jew and Samaritan members of the same family. The bells that make the man born in England and the man born in France and another in Italy and another in Scadinavia and another in America, all brothers. The men with the white and black and yellow skins, the blond and the brunette, all belong to the family of those who hear the Christmas bells the day after Christmas.

The 25th day of December is a joy day! How about the 25th day of January, or the 25th day of February? Did one ever hear any Christmas bells on the 25th day of August? One ought to hear them. They call the 25th day of August one of the "dog days." It is a Christmas day just the same and the day for bell ringing just the same. When there are no holly berries, there may be daisies on the roadside, or roses on the bush, or birds on the trees. Hail to the bells that ring the day after Christmas! The original St. Nicholas went around among the children doing good three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. "Go thou and do likewise."

# THE PULPIT

## PHYSICAL EVOLUTION

## From the Worm to the Biped

A Sermon Preached by
JENKIN LLOYD JONES
at the
ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO
December 1, 1912

Being the First Sermon in the Course on

*"Life on the Road or Whitherbound, the Gospel of Evolution as a Reinforcement of Faith"*

### Prayer

**Under the shadows we know the sun shines, in the rain we think of cloudless sky. In our sorrow we lay hold of hope; out of our pain is born tenderness; out of our weakness we lay hold of strength, even thy strength, O thou Infinite Father. Help us this morning, thou Spirit ever Present, to read some sentences in thy book of revelation, written on the tablets of stone and the tablets of flesh. Help us, O Father, to read the chapter in thy Gospel that tells of the coming of life and the development of the same. Help us, Father, to understand something of the architecture of our own bodies; the mystery, the power, and the sacredness, of the heart through which courses the blood, of the lungs where the air meets the wastages of life and through the mystery of nature, life is restored, strength renewed, mind cleared, and life continued. Of all these things, Father, we would think this morning, and thinking be led to feel the sanctities of the hour in which we live; the sacredness of the opportunities at which we have arrived; the inspirations that beckon us still onward and still upward to thee. Amen.**

### Sermon

In July, 1837, Charles Darwin, much interested, and much perplexed by the evidences which bore in upon him during his investigations of life in South American waters, of the overlapping of species, opened his notebook concerning this subject. He says fifteen months from that day there flashed across his mind a theory. Ten years after that, the accumulating of notes going on, he allowed himself to write with pencil an abstract of that theory, in thirty-five pages. Two years after that, in 1844, he amplified that abstract into two hundred and thirty pages. The work of the student continued, the notes accumulated and he began to elaborate what he intended to be a massive book of evidence—at least five volumes long. But, in 1857, another observer who had haunted the neglected, abandoned and uncivilized islands of the seas, particularly the Adaman Archipelago, wrote to his fellow student of certain postulates which he thought were justified in regard to the origin of species. Darwin found a great, noble and magnanimous rival in Wallace. The foundation of what might have been bitter jealousies in smaller minds became the exchange of thought which developed the nobility as well as the astuteness of Wallace, and he insisted that the honor of the first publication should be given to the man who first saw the truth, and who had worked on longer and broader lines than he. And so Darwin abandoned the scheme of the large five-volume work and hurried into press the volume that startled the world in 1859 on "The Origin of Species." No more revolutionary book ever fell from the press, and no book ever brought more bitter criticism, unwarranted animosity, and unjustified misinterpretation. Concerning this long, bitter criticism, the gentle Darwin wrote in his old age:

"I rejoice that I have avoided controversy, and this I owe to Lyell (another great student of nature in the realms of geology), who many years ago, in referring to my geological works, strongly advised me never to get entangled in a controversy, as it rarely did any good and caused a miserable loss of time and temper."

This is an introduction to a thumb nail study of man's physical place in nature which is my theme this morning. The literature now is vast and ample, the theories of Charles Darwin and Wallace, reinforced by other masters of science, have become the commonplaces of all intelligent teachers, and the familiar instruction of all pulpits which make any attempt to keep up with the spirit of the age and the growing knowledge of the generations.

I propose to confine my study this morning to the physical house which we now occupy. We find that its biography is traceable back of all recorded time, which covers scarcely eight thousand years; back of all traces of human life on this globe,—which reaches beyond one hundred thousand years and how much more we know not. Back of all bodies that assume outward semblance to that which we occupy we trace life through geology, in the stratified rocks which were laid by water, largely according to the processes still going on, and no faster then than now. These deposits measured perpendicularly, if they were all in position now, would represent, in round numbers, a crust, thirty-five miles deep. Most of the way down we find evidences of life, and in layer upon layer we find bodily life, growing more elaborated, higher in its classification and more efficient in its struggle for existence.

We cannot study any kind of life until we consider it as a factor in the great story of all life. Life on the globe is a mighty tree that has branched and branched and with each upward branching has reached higher and freer form until on the topmost bud man appears,—the biped, the two-footed animal. The water was the cradle of all life, and through eras measured only by geology, life developed in the sea, until it at last it reached up and out and found its home in the air. Perhaps the first escape out of water was that of the insect, and great continents of life and mystery and beauty are represetned by the insect world, three hundred thousand species of which are now estimated as in existence, the evidences of extinct species found in the rocks outnumber these known species by millions upon millions. In the lower stratas of the earth we find these pilgrims on the life laid down in their bodies in the water. Out of these bodies was formed limestone, chalk and rottenstone, out of which we make our polishing powder.

But at last life escaped the water and came upon the land, and what were air bladders became lungs, and what were fins became legs or wings; in this process we find our own family tree written in our own biography as traced from the primitive cell up through the embryo, to the date of birth. There was a time in the history of every one of us when we could not be physically discriminated from the dog or the fish. There was a time in the physical history of every one of us when the tail was longer than the

legs. There was a time in the history of every one of us when we were covered, the whole body, everything except the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet, with a luxuriant growth of hair. There was a time in our history when we had gills, not lungs. In our pre-natal days we repeat the history of life on the globe. We have eliminated the tail,—except a mere suggestion that remains as a memento of a past essential element in animal life. We are born with these witnesses of our pre-human existence. The body is full of relics, reminiscences! The ear is equipped with muscles that have been aborted, which once served actively in wagging and moving it, very necessary on the lower branches of the tree, when the ear caught the signals of danger. I remember in the log schoolhouse out in Wisconsin a bright German lad who used to trouble the peace of the school and of the schoolmaster by wagging his ears very definitely and deliberately. Every once in a while we find one who can move his scalp as easily as I can lift my eyebrows. All over the body, under the skin, there are evidences of muscles that have been aborted by neglect, which were once necessary to the comfort and life of the animal. Even now it is true that the horse, dog and cow need the tail to rid themselves of the annoyances of flies, mosquitoes, etc. It has become notorious that one of the most troublesome reminiscences of the body is the appendix, which has absolutely no use so far as the physicians can find. They regard it as a menace, and by the dextrous hand of science the process of leaving it behind is hastened and life, thereby, is prolonged. Our tonsils are a very distinct reminiscence of those gills which were once openings through which the water purified the blood. In the embryonic life these openings are in existence, and sometimes babies are born so poorly formed that they still remain and allow the milk to pass out at the side. Not the tonsils only but a full system or artery arrangement indicates the time when the blood coursed through these closed passages. And so the embryology of man proves our long and painful ascent from the life which began in the water. When it first came upon the land life could not stand the glare of the sun and lived in the earth, and not on the earth, which is still the favorite home of the worm. Thus physically speaking we are inheritors of all the past. There is a continuous story charming in its development. The drama of physical life passes through the worm into the quadruped, and the quadruped reaches upward to the biped. Down the lower level it branched, and in rising, found in the air, the bird; and on the earth at last, traveled through the painful clumsy story of the remote reptilian world, and reached those inglorious creatures, sixty feet long, lifting their heads thirty feet high, and so poorly organized that they had to have two brain centers to keep themselves agoing,—one in the head and the other in the tail. The origin of the physical man as witnessed by the story of embryology, through what Drummond calls "the scaffolding still left around the structure," in evidence here and now; and, by the evidences of geology, and the testimony of comparative anatomy, to be found in any primary book of science, showing that the fin of the whale, the leg of the horse, the wing of the bird, and the arm of man, are constructed on the same plan, have the same number of bones and the same joints. We are told that there are just the same number of vertebra in the neck of the elephant as there are in the neck of the giraffe, and that the vertebral column in the human carries out the type without differentiation.

All of this, and much more that I cannot outline in a Sunday morning sermon, indicates the sublime but painful rise of the animal on to two feet, every move forward has been an effort to overcome obstacles and to lay hold of greater opportunities. The costly story of the march of life is the story of the wholesale sacrifice of the inefficient in the interest of the more efficient. Figures fail us, and if I could use them they would carry but little meaning to you of the mighty price that has been paid to nature for the perfection of this human mechanism which we now occupy.

John Fiske has written of the critical periods in the history of the United States. All the way along there are what might be called the critical periods of life on the earth. That was a critical period in the history of life when it ventured out of the water on to the land. That was a critical period in the story of life when it developed the bony part on the inside, and not on the outside, of the body; when the shell was converted into skeleton, and the scales became bones. That was a critical period in the story of life when the egg was developed inside of the body of the mother, and not outside; so critical that there is an intermediate stage when the immature offspring was given to the outside world in such helpless condition that the mother must be provided with an outward pouch in which to continue the process of development before it was able to take care of itself. The marsupial world, represented here in the United States by the opossum and over there in Australia by the kangaroo, represents the connecting link, the arch of the bridge over which passed the egg-laying animal into the animal which gives birth to living descendants. But why enumerate further? That is now fortunately familiar which was so startling and alarming in the 50s, that which was then a shock is now a commonplace in the grammar grades, in all our schools, and our text-books make the story plain; therefore I need not dwell on the biological story of the biped. The scorpion was probably the first animal that ventured into the upper air, and he is found in the deposits away back there in the silurian period. The early fish carried his skeleton on the outside, and then we come up through the oyster and the cuttle fish, and those monsters of which I have spoken,—logsters six feet long and the bat that prepared the way for the bird.

Theodore Parker has a curiously interesting and fanciful story of a bumble-bee convention, which was held in the neighborhood of one of the upper peaks of the Jura Mountains in the year 1,000,617 B. C. In this convention of bumble-bees, which was presided over by a wise, scientific bumble-bee, it was announced that they represented the highest and last step in the story of creation. That they were the "Lords of creation," the final evolution, and they went on to talk just about as a convention of men do, just as if the world had them in mind, and only them, and that when the Creator had arrived at bumble-bee perfection, there was nothing to be expected out of the resourceful wisdom of the eternal. I could not give you a more impressive sermon and the sermon is a deliverance bearing upon the spiritual life.

A sermon, if it be truly a sermon, is that which strengthens the ethical nature and prepares us to lead

a more wholesome life, and to undertake the responsibilities of life more effectively. Here we are at last standing on two feet. Here at last the fore limbs ready for efficiencies. Here at last with head erect, with eyes that can scan the horizon. Here at last with the ears opened, the eyes alert, the nostrils and the mouth, all ready to stand guard over the sanctities of the body within. All of these members are on duty to warn us of danger and to inform us of that which help and serve; these senses, guardians of the body, have been in the making, long, long, up and down the line. My books tell me that our sense of smell is practically only embryonic, undeveloped. If the books that I read are to be trusted, the animals with the most acute sense of smell in the world are the cockroaches, having some thirty-five thousand different organs of scent, and that is why they find their way into our pantries. I am also informed that the bee has a marvelous sense of smell. We know how embryonic is our sense of smell compared with the highly developed sense of the dog. Lubbock startled us by telling us that the aboriginal Australian actually scented his foe, found his tribe by the smell, and when the scent failed him he would go on all-fours like a dog to rediscover it. All of which is shadowed in, and apparent through our faculties, which receive their final, highest arrangement, their most convenient distribution, in the body of the biped,—and I am talking of the body. All mechanics, engineers in mechanical departments, as well as physicians and scientists, have marveled at this mechanical contrivance, the body, the equal of which is not found elsewhere in nature or in animal mechanism. Nothing so subtile, so efficient, so mighty, so curious as the forearm, ending in a hand and not in a paw, in a hand and not in a foot. There were quadrupeds before there were quadrumana, four-handed animals, developing into the biped with its two feet and two hands; and when the thumb became free, so that it could meet the fingers and grasp, there was a marvelous tool, unparalleled in its efficiency. Crowning it all, the last, who dare say the final? But the latest triumph on the tree of life has been this wonderful music box in the throat, able to articulate. O, what a music box it is! All instrumental music is but a clumsy attempt to mimic the process of a human voice, and it is out of this physical instrument that speech is born, and when speech becomes possible, then poetry and patriotism, eloquence and worship come into the world.

Now what are we going to do about it? Can we find a sermon in all this? First and foremost then there are bodies. We have bodies, bodies made out of matter, bodies with organs bought by the sacrifice of millions of lives in the development of the same. Bodies with lungs and stomach, liver, kidneys and heart, and to deny their existence, or to impugn their integrity, or to refuse to recognize the sanctity of the same, is atheism. The old thought of an infidel was a man who denied the revelation written in the Hebrew and Greek, the man who failed to see the handwriting of the Infinite in the book that begins with Genesis and ends with Revelation. I submit friends, that that is a crasser infidelity that denies the record which is written not only on tablets of stone under our feet but in tablets of flesh within us. I marvel that in this twentieth century of intelligence, in this sixth decade after Darwin, there should be need for protest and cause for indignation over those who would deny the body; resent its organs, ignore the marvelous mechanism of the Divine; resent a clinic thermometer for fear it might tell that the machine was out of order, that the pulse was beating too fast, the temperature too high. Whereas we know that so magnificently has this mechanism been perfected, that in its normal condition the temperature is fixed within a degree or two,—no matter whether it be in the dog days of August or in the freezing days of winter, whether outside the temperature be thirty degrees below or one hundred degrees above Fahrenheit; that the normal mechanism of the body, through a providence beyond our control too inscrutible for our analysis, keeps the even tenor of life and that any variation of the same, either above or below, soon reaches the death limit. Still there are those who in the name of religion would discount the importance of this temperature, and they call that Christianity. This pulpit is accustomed to treat religious systems tenderly, to respect peoples' convictions, and I would not be disloyal to that custom, but I cannot consider with anything but apprehension the high-handed impudence,—in the presence of the great interpreters of God, the masters of science,—those who would lay aside the slowly acquired wisdom of the ages, the highest academic experiences embodied in the science of today, and would affect a moral and spiritual health system that starts out by denying this marvelous revelation, refusing to respect that biological sagacity which is found down in the lowest realm. When my dog steps on a sand-burr he proceeds to extract it as promptly and efficiently as he can, with his mouth, and when he fails comes promptly to another to help release it. Now if that burr gets inside of us and obstructs and distresses, troubles and defeats the normal functions of the body, we ought to have dog sense enough to go to work and get that foreign substance out of the way. It may be by the skilful use of the knife, as in the case of thousands and thousands of lives, saved by the surgeon's knife, and still enjoying this world of ours; it may be by something other, known to science and skill.

So the first lesson, the first sermon that comes in the study of the body, the triumph of the biped, is that there is a body and that it has been bought at a great price. And the next lesson is that this body, tested by its history, has come a great ways; presumably for a purpose. The end is not yet. O this marvelous triumph of the physical represented in the body we occupy! What a promise it is! How it suggests something farther on.

Anyway we are sure of this thing. Shakespeare makes Shylock say: "If you cut a Jew will he not bleed?" So you and I will bleed when cut. If you dissect an African, will you not find lungs and stomach and liver and kidneys? Further than that, go search the lesson of the Stockyards, and there you will find more lungs, more kidneys and more livers. Go down the line, and all the way down you will find a physical kinship at least, you will find that which calls for comradeship, a kinship of pain and humiliation, if nothing more. A study of our bodies makes us very humble. Darwin says in his "Voyage of the H. M. S. Beagle," that when he landed on the coast of Terre del Fuego and saw those native savages, with scarcely a remnant of clothing, with matted hair, bedaubed with paint, mouths frothing with excitement over their

landing, distorted bodies and clumsy gait, it was borne in upon him that he was looking at his foreelders. He was looking at his own sisters and brothers. O that I could give to this sermon the religious climax that the tender heart of Darwin reached on the inhospitable shores of Terre del Fuego, which would enable us to recognize in the lowest and meanest of life both our ancestors and our brothers. So we find in biology the claim to tenderness, the call to friendship, the invitation of the larger home, of the higher divinity.

But this bipedal arrangement which we have acquired by sacrifice, we hold at a great cost. The biped is not as fleet as the deer; it cannot fly like the bird; it cannot defend itself like the lion; it perishes at birth unless watched with most solicitous care by friends. Man is one of the most weak and defenseless of animals. He is poorly equipped to resist the cold,—has lost his hairy clothing. He is poorly qualified for life in tropical climates, for there the sun will scorch and bewilder him. Physically speaking we have gained our efficiency at a painful cost were it not for one thing, and that one thing I will consider next Sunday, when we study the development from Brawn and Brain the subordination of muscle to nerve, the triumph of mind for and with matter,—never against it. As I have told you in the preceding sermons, we know not what matter is, no more do we know what mind is; but it is a verity, some kind of verity, the existence of which is witnessed by all the testimony in our possession. Its reality is witnessed by all the experiences of the human and it is conditioned like all the life of the lower animals, and by closer analysis, it yields more and more to those imperishable forces that perhaps, after all, represent the higher lesson—the power of love, thought, hope. Up there we learn to know God if never before. If we do not find him at this lower end of the line we find him up there at the higher end.

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**We thank thee, O Father, for these bodily homes of ours. Help us to revere them as the sacred temples of the Most High, and to serve at their altars in such a way that the Kingdom of Love may come more abundantly. Amen.**

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LITTLE BIRDS.

Of all sweet stories told in sweetest words—
God's fingers close the eyes of little birds
Asleep in death; this office He fulfills
For little minstrels of the vales and hills.

Nor, does He mark alone the sparrow's fall;
He watches over, guards and loves them all:
The winged worshippers that sing His praise
From bluest spaces or low, blossomy sprays.

When the last song is sadly, softly trilled,
And all the music of their notes is stilled;
Nor mounting pinions seek once more the skies,
His loving, tender fingers close their eyes.

Nor, yet for other creatures, tribe or race
Does this kind, loving ministry find place;
Not seas' domain, nor prairies' myriad herds—
God's fingers close the eyes of little birds.

*Shelbyville, Indiana.* ALONZO L. RICE.

NOTE.—Naturalists state that birds are the only creatures found dead with eyes closed.

## The First Mohonk Conference on International Arbitration

The death of Albert K. Smiley, the revered founder of the Lake Mohonk Conferences on International Arbitration, prompts a glance backward to the inauguration of those inspiring and now famous gatherings. The last Conference, in May, 1912, was the eighteenth. The first Conference met June 5, 1895. Looking back to the report of that prophetic meeting, we find that there were fifty-six persons present, thirty-three men and twenty-three women. The last Conference had 286 members present. Among the well known persons present at the inaugural meeting in 1895, were Dr. Austin Abbott, Rev. Joseph H. Allen, Joshua L. Bailey, Mrs. Hannah J. Bailey, Rev. George Dana Boardman, Professor George E. Day, Judge Robert Earl of the New York Court of Appeals, President Gates, of Amherst College, Rev. Edward Everett Hale, Hon. George S. Hale, Gen. O. O. Howard, Robert Treat Paine, Aaron M. Powell, Hon. Charles R. Skinner and Dr. B. F. Trueblood. The president of that first Conference was John B. Garrett of Philadelphia; and it may be interesting here to note that the subsequent presidents of the Conferences have been Hon. George F. Edmunds, Colonel Waring, Judge Matteson and Judge Stiness of Rhode Island, Hon. John W. Foster, Hon. George Gray, and Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, several of them of course serving more than once. An indication of the changes that have occurred in the ranks is afforded by the fact that of the fifty-six members of the Conference of 1895 only ten were present at the Eighteenth Conference last May.

The second and third Conferences, those of 1896 and 1897, met under circumstances which imparted to them peculiar significance; and the attendance upon those Conferences was respectively 110 and 143. The 1896 Conference was that which followed the Venezuela war scare; and in April, 1896, six weeks before the Mohonk Conference, a most important Arbitration Conference, prompted by that startling incident, had been held in Washington itself, under the presidency of Senator Edmunds, who also presided that year at the Mohonk Conference. When the third Mohonk Conference met in June, 1897, it was just a month after the Senate had rejected by its close vote the Olney-Pauncefote arbitration treaty between the United States and Great Britain, leaving the peace people in a frame of mind similar to that in which they gathered at Mohonk last May just after the mutilation by the Senate of President Taft's arbitration treaties.

Undoubtedly the most impressive feature of the first three Mohonk Conferences were the powerful speeches in them all by Dr. Hale, demanding and prophesying the establishment of a permanent international tribunal. Those speeches are historic, and the course of the peace movement from that time to this has been the gradual realization of Dr. Hale's glowing program. It was not Dr. Hale, however, but Dr. Trueblood, who in the first Mohonk Conference first actually proposed the discussion of the establishment of "a great international tribunal of arbitration, which shall be to the nations of the world what the United States Supreme Court is to the states of the Union." It was their wonderful eloquence and force, supported by such wealth of appeal to history and the

evolution of politics, which made Dr. Hale's addresses so potent and famous. At Mohonk itself there was, in 1895 and 1896 and 1897, no little doubt and misgiving over Dr. Hale's optimism as to the early realization of his program. Judge Earl dwelt upon the "many difficulties that will have to be surmounted" before a permanent international court could be expected; and Hon. William H. Arnoux thought that Dr. Hale stood like one of the old prophets "looking far into the future." As matter of fact, the permanent court of arbitration was arranged for by the Hague Conference just four years later.

From the beginning the Mohonk Arbitration Conferences were devoted strictly to constructive efforts. Mr. Smiley requested in his opening speech in 1895 that the discussions might not go into the subject of the horrors of war, which it was to be assumed such companies as those which he brought together at Mohonk fully understood, but turned expressly to the consideration of the means by which our own country might have all of its disputes with other countries settled by arbitration and influence other nations to join as rapidly as possible in the same policy. The principal declaration of the platform in 1895 was in behalf of the negotiation of an arbitration treaty between the United States and Great Britain, and reference was made to the unanimous declaration by the British House of Commons two years before of its willingness to co-operate with the government of the United States in behalf of settling disputes between the two countries by arbitration. It is instructive to read over the successive platforms of the Mohonk Conferences from that time to this—they are all brought together in the appendix to the volume of Dr. Hale's "Mohonk Addresses"—and note how remarkably they reflect the course of the peace and arbitration movement during these eighteen years.

One Englishman was present at that first Mohonk Conference, Professor George H. Emmott, a jurist occupying a chair in Johns Hopkins University; and in the course of one of the best speeches in the Conference he said, what might properly and precisely be repeated today: "The feeling in England now is that the next step must come from the United States. Great Britain is ready, as she has abundantly testified, to co-operate heartily in any feasible scheme which may be proposed by the government of the United States for the practical solution of this question by judicial decision." There has been no time during the whole period of the Mohonk Arbitration Conferences when that has not been true. England has been constantly ready, as France is ready, for an unrestricted treaty of arbitration with the United States. It is "up to us." As Professor Emmott continued in 1895, so we need to reiterate with emphasis to our people in 1912: "If the offer which Great Britain has made to you is not accepted, if it is even left over indefinitely, the cause of international arbitration may receive a setback that will take it a great number of years to recover. If, on the other hand, we can bring this matter to a satisfactory conclusion between these two great countries, the cause of international arbitration will have taken a great step onward."

At the conclusion of Professor Emmott's address, Mr. Smiley expressed his pleasure at having in the Conference a gentleman from England and his hope that another year persons might be present from Germany, France and other countries interested in the cause of arbitration, and he asked the co-operation of the members of the Conference in suggesting such persons and securing their attendance. One needs only to remember the large number of foreign members present at the latest Conferences to realize how the international character of the Mohonk constituency has been strengthened from the time of that small beginning.

The constructive character of the addresses at the first Mohonk Conference by Dr. Austin Abbott, Robert Treat Paine, George S. Hale and Dr. Trueblood were all an earnest of the pregnant sessions which were to follow as the years went on. There were few cardinal points in the peace program of the present hour which were not somehow emphasized or suggested in that pioneer session. The Conference was pervaded by the resolute and confident spirit of its noble founder. So have the Conferences been which have followed; and so we believe will the Mohonk Conferences be which will continue to assemble, through his careful provision, with each recurring spring,—a perennial memorial of him and a perennial and potent instrumentality for the promotion of the commanding cause for whose service he called them into being.

EDWIN D. MEAD.

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## THE ORIGIN OF LIFE

*In the beginning?*—Slowly grope we back
Along the narrowing track,
Back to the deserts of the world's pale prime,
The mire, the clay, the slime;
And then . . . what then? Surely to something less;
Back, back, to Nothingness!

You dare not halt upon that dwindling way!
There is no gulf to stay
Your footsteps to the last. Go back you must!
Far, far below the dust,
Descend, descend! Grade by dissolving grade,
We follow, unafraid!
Dissolve, dissolve this moving world of men
Into thin air—and then?

O pioneers, O warriors of the Light,
In that abysmal night,
Will you have courage then to rise and tell
Earth of this miracle?
Will you have courage, then, to bow the head,
And say, when all is said—
"Out of this Nothingness arose our thought!
This blank abysmal Nought
Woke, and brought forth that lighted City street,
Those towers, that armored fleet?"

When you have seen those vacant primal skies
Beyond the centuries,
Watched the pale mists across their darkness flow,
As in a lantern-show,
Weaving, by merest "chance," out of thin air,
Pageants of praise and prayer;
Watched the great hills like clouds arise and set,
And one—named Olivet;
When you have seen, as a shadow passing away,
One child clasp hands and pray;
When you have seen emerge from that dark mire
One martyr, ringed with fire;
Or, from that Nothingness, by special grace,
One woman's love-lit face, . . .

Will you have courage, then, to front that law
(From which your sophists draw
Their only right to flout one human creed)
That nothing can proceed—

Not even thought, not even love—from less
Than its own nothingness?
The law is yours! But dare you waive your pride,
And kneel where you denied?
The law is yours! Dare you rekindle, then,
One faith for faithless men,
And say you found, on that dark road you trod,
*In the beginning—GOD?*

—*Alfred Noyes.*

## Domestic Co-operation

Among primitive peoples women are of economic value for their contribution to industry, as well as for their reproductive activity. But as women have been moving forward in the course of modern civilization, there has ever been present a strong effort to hold them back, to keep them in their "proper sphere," that they might be primarily progenitors. The entrance of women into professional and business life has been deplored as a menace to race continuance; yet manufacturers and others do not seem to take into consideration sex disability when it is a question of getting work done as cheaply as possible.

All human activities in a community are really incidental to the primary purpose of existence, that of reproduction of our kind. Business, education, recreation, all have their part in promoting human existence. As knowledge has become democratized, and its application to physical phenomena been made to serve humanity, greater diversity of interests and opportunities have become inevitable. With the widening of the sphere of the whole human race how could woman fail to feel the onward pull, the irresistible play of nature's own variant law? Rather than fall back upon sex differences as an excuse to limit their functions in society, they should instead make it a reason for even more extended effort. "Woman's sphere" and "man's sphere" should become fused to the point of mutual interest and mutual opportunity that the home unity may attain its fullest development.

Social purity depends upon the integrity of the social unit; that is, the home. The home to fulfill its functions in modern society should be democratic, economic and social, fitting into the larger social organism which we call the "State," the "Nation," or the "World." However infinitesimal the unit, its quality is of vital import to the larger whole. Preserving the home must be our ultimate interest in social effort. The problem is the method to be employed in purifying and strengthening the unit.

Today the home is at the mercy of all kinds of exploiters,—food trusts, fuel trusts, lumber trusts, money trusts, etc.; indeed, is there any line in which the home is independent of "Big Business?" Does this not mean that the home is to a large extent already socialized? And do not some of us profit by this condition, and have an easier time in consequence? But at what a cost! One need only visit the tenement district of a large city to realize the cost. The possession by the well-to-do of every convenience to answer physical and mental need which modern invention and business provide, does not make up for the human waste which society suffers in the lack of conveniences, bare necessities, and even decencies, among the poor.

How can we democratize society and introduce a leavening process which will develop a home unit more uniform in quality? The girl in the kitchen, the girl behind the counter, the girl at the machine in the factory may be regarded as in a lower scale of society than the well-to-do; yet if those same girls marry and take up residence on a proper street, their social standing rises. The social difference seems to be based upon occupation and material possessions. It is not likely that every "working girl" will marry well and thus solve the problem of social difference. But there is a way of solving this problem, which is for every woman now well-to-do to take up an occupation of economic value to the community; in other words, let every woman become a working woman. It is unfortunate that in our presumably democratic America the terms "work" and "working woman" have become discredited. May not intelligent women restore dignity to those terms and make the "working woman" the highest type of womanhood? This means the doing away with social parasitism, and it is this method alone which will solve the problems which beset us in the home and in society.

A much talked of problem in the home is the "servant problem." So long as we call this is a "servant problem" we are not likely to find a solution. The problem really is how to get done the disagreeable things about housekeeping. What is disagreeable varies with different housekeepers,—to some it is cooking, to some it is cleaning, to some it is washing and ironing, and to some it is just staying at home and being domestic. Is it not possible for every woman to do part of the housework which is agreeable to her in a way that will be helpful to society and so accomplish all the disagreeable parts? The men who are successful in business today are those who can conceive enterprises on a large scale; who can organize and develop industry on lines of greatest economy and greatest productivity. We are told that we should conduct housekeeping as a business; but can we, for instance, manage a seven-room house, even with modern equipment and intelligent supervision, on the same basis of economy and productivity as a large business concern? There may be a dozen or more seven-room houses in a city block, in which practically the same processes are going on each day of the week; each is a small industrial plant with similar equipment. Would the large business concern tolerate such waste of energy, time and equipment. Yet housewives must apparently tolerate such wastefulness in order to maintain their proper places in the home. If men in business enterprises have learned the secret of economy, why should not women emulate them? The method of socialization is really forced upon us through the invention of labor-saving devices. When these devices are installed in separate households there are times when they are not in use, and to the extent they are not in use they are uneconomical. Hence the necessity of co-operation. It seems to be proper for a group of well-to-do women to meet and discuss the shiftlessness of the poor, and plan for visiting housekeepers who shall instruct the poor women in proper methods. Why cannot this same group of women organize into a "Co-operative Cleaning Association," and rent at as low a figure as possible the use of a vacuum cleaner, or a vacuum clothes washer, or any other device which the well-to-do may have found useful? I would recommend that women, instead of forming committees for social reform, organize into co-operative societies along lines affecting household interests. In such efforts the element of private profit would be

eliminated, the purpose being to get the work done in the most economic way.

We should continue to live in houses of sizes sufficient to meet our social needs. With the processes of housekeeping socialized, we should not need as many rooms as now,—the home planning would of course need to be quite different. A living room, which would truly be a living room, would be the dominating motive in planning. No kitchen, no laundry, no cellar or attic except for hygienic benefit; for the meal would come from a common plant and no unnecessary accessories would accumulate for the attic. Sewing and mending would be relegated to the "Co-operative Dressmaking Association," etc. But though we should eliminate these processes from the household, bear in mind that we should all be doing our part by following the line in which we were most interested. The ability to manage, which many women have, is now being dissipated and wasted in social functions, in church fairs, in charity organizations, in begging propositions of various kinds. This same ability put into economical effort would do away with the very conditions which uneconomic efforts are now seeking to eliminate. Money, time and energy, put into the initiation of co-operative enterprises, would solve eventually the problems which are pressing upon us for solution.

GRACE PUTNAM POLLARD.

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### THE FARMER'S IDLE WIFE

The farmer's wife is now so occupied with social affairs that she has lost the art of making butter and jam and doing the work of the farm that her grandmother did. This results in a great economic loss to the country.—*The substance of a government report issued from the Agricultural Department.*

The farmer's wife, in early days, got up at half-past two,
And shined the plows and milked the cows and put the prunes to stew.
The breakfast for the hands she'd set upon the stroke of four,
And then she'd bake her bread and cake and scrub the kitchen floor.
But nowadays the farmer's wife has time to call her own.
"Good gracious!" says the Government, "how idle she has grown!"

The farmer's wife, in times gone by, brought up the calves and lambs,
And sacked the oats and fed the shoats and smoked the hickory hams.
And when she'd cooked three great big meals she cheerfully arose
And with her churn sat down to earn the money for her clothes.
But now she often visits 'round and gossips, like as not,
"My goodness," says the Government, "how worthless she has got!"

The farmer's wife, some years ago, was wholly free from nerves;
Twelve hours a day she'd slave away at putting up preserves.
Six children dangling at her skirts, a seventh on her arm,
She'd gamely set herself to get the mortgage off the farm.
But now she sometimes takes a rest, like city women do.
"Great Heavens!" cries the Government, "what is she coming to?"

The farmer's wife departed from this vale of toil and tears
For happier climes, in those old times, when under thirty years.
The farmer got another mate, he somehow always found
The ideal wife who toiled through life and rested—underground.
But now sometimes her years add up their full allotted sum.
"Great Scott!" exclaims the Government, "how shiftless she's become!"

—*James J. Montague.*

## The Study Table

### More Books

FROM THE MACMILLAN COMPANY.

I am in receipt of a book of poems, by John Masefield, entitled THE STORY OF A ROUND HOUSE, and Other Poems. The larger poem is entitled Dauber, and tells the story of an artist soul that wanted to paint the sea. He could find no better way to learn how to see and then to tell with his brush, than to go on shipboard as a lamp man and painter.

"Being neither man nor seaman, by his tally,
He bunked with the idler just abaft the galley."

The story of how this man was abused, and the making of him into real manhood and strength, and the final sacrifice for the ship, is told in a new sort of verse of great power. I wish that Whittier and the author could have been close companions for a few years, and then I think that Mr. Masefield would be one of our greatest poets. Of the shorter poems I find one that particularly captivates me, The West Wind. I should like to quote the whole of it.

I get Father Vaughan's DISCUSSION OF SOCIALISM from what he calls the Christian standpoint. To me it is the standpoint of an impossible Christianity, a passing Christianity. Yet this book bubbles with the best spirit of Catholicism the world has ever known. The author is one of those rare priests whose soul is large enough to really be warm for his opponents, and capacious as the world itself. To him Socialism is always something more than a struggle of humanity, it is a struggle with authority, and therefore a crime. Now if I wished to make a special study of Socialism I would take this book, and then with it Rauschenbusch's CHRISTIANIZING THE SOCIAL ORDER, and then with these Walling's SOCIALISM AS IT IS. The first assails the whole movement and squarely announces the determination of the church to fight Socialism to the death; and the second rolics in the joyous conviction that there is a total breakdown of all falsehoods, and that a fight is on that will leave us socially fuller of the spirit of God; while the third book gives us a superb analysis of the subject, with an historical outlook and review. These three books will be enough, and they are all from the same publishing house, that is, the Macmillans.

Before me is a Christmas edition of Kathleen Morris' MOTHER, not costly, but just the thing to make the woman sweeter, either as daughter or mother.

FROM THE HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN COMPANY.

I have a delightful little book entitled THE FAMILY IN ITS SOCIOLOGICAL ASPECT. The writer undertakes to present the historical background for studying the modern family. He believes in the essential integrity of the American family, and yet he believes in a reformed code to regulate marriage. Well, we need common sense law givers behind the statutes.

E. P. POWELL.

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A thousand things I might seem to have forgotten, should we stay together, will come back to me, I know, and touch my heart, and as I feel so will you feel, that when the poor human life is removed then the divine life has free course.—*Robert Collyer.*

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# THE FIELD

***"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."***

## ANOTHER CHRISTMAS DAY

Dear Mother Earth another Christmas Day
Is added to thy jewel casket old;
Thy children throng on every traveled way
With gifts of myrrh and frankincense and gold.

Again the age-worn story they repeat;
'Tis heard afresh by every listening ear,
Again the Star of Bethlehem they greet,
The heavenly chorus crowns the parting year.

And as the stately centuries pass along,
Dearer and dearer does the story grow,
Dearer the star, dearer the angels' song,
The blessed family and the manger low.

Thy children all from care and grief beguiled
Seek with their gifts today a little child.

FRANCES EKIN ALLISON.

## CALL TO THE CHURCHES

The churches must stand:

For equal rights and complete justice for all men in all stations of life.

For the protection of the family by the single standard of purity, uniform divorce laws, proper regulation of marriage and proper housing.

For the fullest possible development for every child, especially by the provision of proper education and recreation.

For the abolition of child labor.

For such regulation of the conditions of toil for women as shall safeguard the physical and moral health of the community.

For the abatement and prevention of poverty.

For the protection of the individual and society from the social, economic and moral waste of the liquor traffic.

For the conservation of health.

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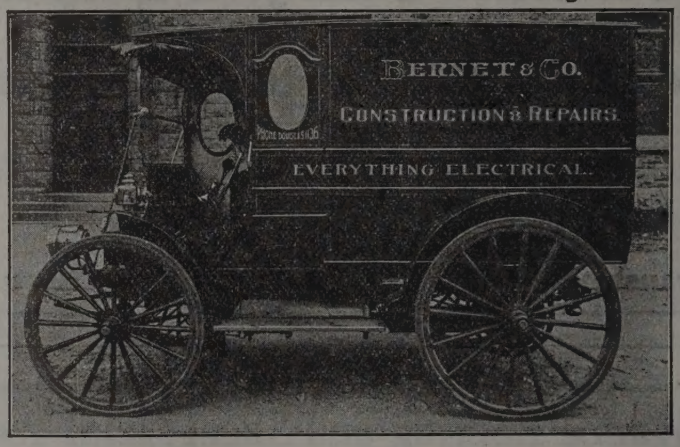


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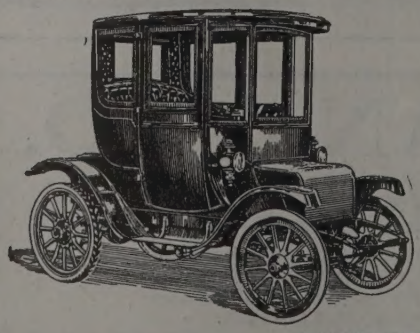

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